

APRIL

No. 10

NATIONAL

QUALITY
COMIC
GROUP

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4

COMICS 10¢

IN THIS ISSUE
UNCLE SAM
AMERICA'S GREATEST
CHARACTER!



SALLY O'NEIL

QUICKSILVER

KID PATROL



WEB COMIC
UNIVERSE.COM

\$200.⁰⁰ IN PRIZES

123 WINNERS

THE EASIEST CONTEST IN THE WORLD!

All you have to do is tell us how to improve **SMASH COMICS**, **NATIONAL COMICS**, **CRACK COMICS** and **HIT COMICS**.

Write us a short letter listing your various suggestions and enclose the coupon at the top of the inside back cover with your letter.

First prize is \$50.00, second prize is \$20.00 and third prize is \$10.00. In addition, there are 120 consolation prizes of \$1.00 each. So fill in the coupon right away and try to win a cash prize.

The best letter we receive wins the \$50.00. But in order to win a prize, you must fill in the coupon at the top of the inside back cover (or facsimile) and send this to us with your suggestions. Make your letter interesting and list your favorite features in the order you prefer them.

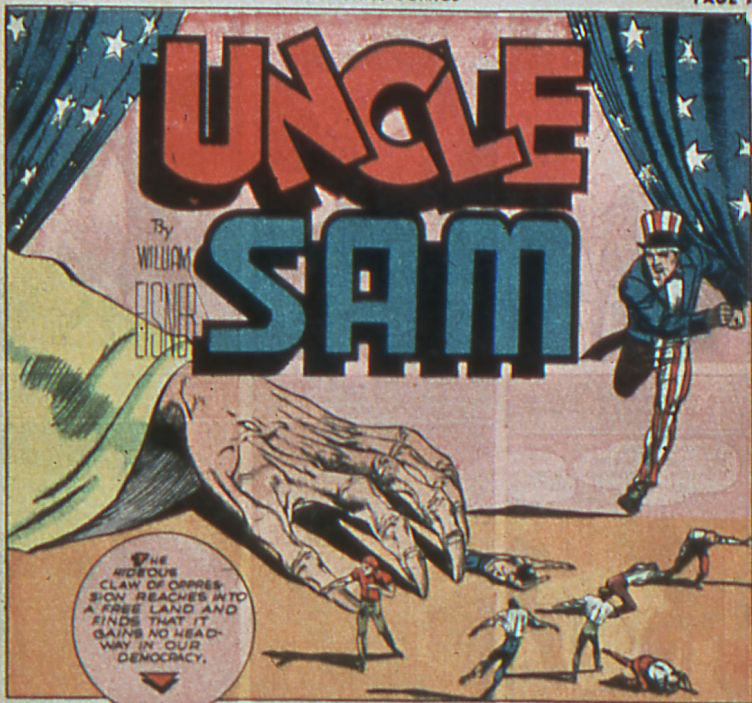
This contest is open to everyone except employees of **SMASH COMICS**, **NATIONAL COMICS**, **CRACK COMICS** and **HIT COMICS**. All letters must be received by March 15th in order to be eligible for a prize.

Send all letters with coupons to

QUALITY COMIC GROUP

322 Main Street

Stamford, Conn.



AT A TRANS-ATLANTIC RIVER, ANOTHER PITIFULLY OVERCROWDED REFUGEE LINER IS DOCKING. ANXIOUS RELATIVES THROW THE DOCK TO GREET THESE BAD OUTCASTS OF WAR-TORN EUROPE.



ACH, HANS? I AM SO HAPPY! FIRST OUR NEPHEW HEINRICH ESCAPES FROM A CONCENTRATION CAMP AND THEN HE COMES HERE TO AMERICA!



A YOUNG MAN CARRYING A BATTERED SUITCASE WALKS DOWN THE GANG-PLANK.

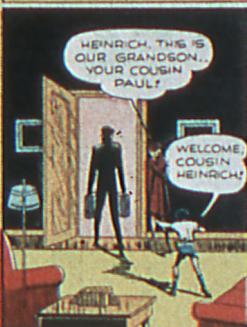


HIS BLOODSHOT EYES SCAN THE CROWD. THEN...





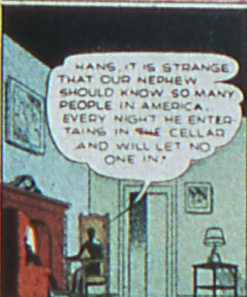
THE OLD COUPLE EAGERLY TAKE HIM TO THEIR NEAT LITTLE HOME.



AT DINNER HEINRICH MONOPOLIZES THE CONVERSATION, WHILE THE OLD PEOPLE LISTEN IN DEEP INTEREST.



SEVERAL WEEKS PASS. HEINRICH IS INSTALLED AS A PERMANENT GUEST...ONE NIGHT.



AT THAT VERY MOMENT HEINRICH IS IN THE MIST OF HIS EVENING AT HOME.



BUT THE LITTLE COUSIN PAUL WATCHES UNOBSERVED FROM THE CELLAR STEPS.

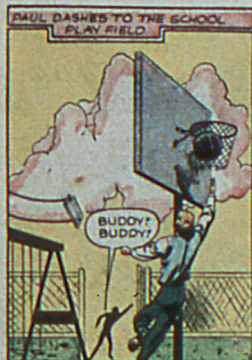


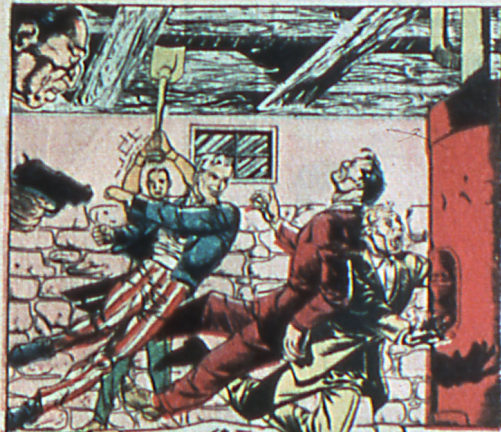
THE NEXT DAY.



THROUGH A CRACK IN THE DOOR PAUL HEARS THE CONVERSATION.







A PIPE IS BANGED AGAINST
UNCLE SAM'S SKULL, BUT
THE ONLY THING DAMAGED
IS THE PIPE!

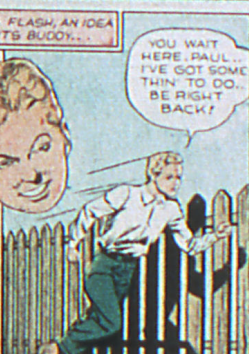




THE NEXT MORNING, PAUL COMES DOWN TO BREAKFAST AND...



PAUL, SOBBING IN BEWILDERMENT AND FEAR, STUMBLES BLINDLY DOWN THE STREET.



UNCLE SAM, WHO IS A WITNESS, AWAITS HIS TURN... BEHIND HIM ARE TWO FBI MEN.



SUDDENLY A SMALL HAND TUGS AT HIS SHOULDER.



BUDDY LEADS HIM TO THE BRUN HOUSE.



BUT HEINRICH PEEPS ANGRILY
OVER THE STAIR LANDING...

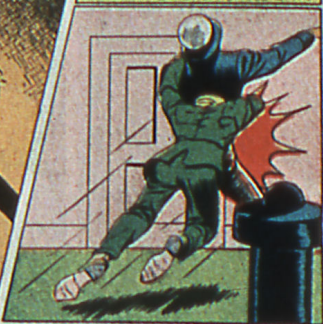


THE DUMB
OXT NOW HE
WILL BE
REPAID FOR
HIS CURIOSITY!

CAUTIOUSLY HE TREADS THE
STEPS.



AND SUDDENLY LIKE A WHIRLWIND
HE SPRINGS UPON UNCLE SAM.



UNCLE SAM HOWEVER IS TOO
SPRY...IN A FLASH HE HAS
SNATCHED HEINRICH'S GLASSES.



CAN'T FIGHT A
GUY WITH
THOSE ON?

NOW YOU'RE GETTING
WHAT YOU'VE NEEDED...
A GOOD DOGE OF AMERICAN
FIST!



FEAR-STRIKEN BY THE STEADY
BARRAGE OF BLOWS, HEINRICH
FLEES...



YOU'RE A
COWARD
TOO, EH?
CAN'T FIGHT
HONESTLY.
CAN YOU?



HEINRICH HARDLY SEES WHERE
HE IS GOING.

NOW THAT I'VE GOTTEN
TO THE BOTTOM OF THIS
THING, YOU'RE GOING
TO HEADQUARTERS!



THE NEXT
PROBLEM IS...
HOW DO I GET
THE REAL
HEINRICH TO
AMERICA!



OH! I'VE
AN IDEA!



IN A MOMENT HE DASHES FOR THE LOCAL HEADQUARTERS OF THE BUND.



THE LEADER IS SUSPICIOUS OF THIS DETERMINED STRANGER.



IMMEDIATELY UNCLE SAM IS CONFRONTED WITH THE BUSINESS ENDS OF TWO REVOLVERS...



THE HEAVY DESK FLIES ABOUT LIKE A CHILD'S BLOCK, BUT BREAKS A GREAT DEAL MORE DAMAGE.



UNCLE SAM IS SO BUSY FOUNDED SENSE INTO THE BUNDISTS THAT HE DOESN'T LOOK BEHIND HIM.



THE BUND LEADER ONCE MORE GIVES ORDERS.



ONE AFTER ANOTHER THE BULLETS
BICOCHET INTO THE WALL...



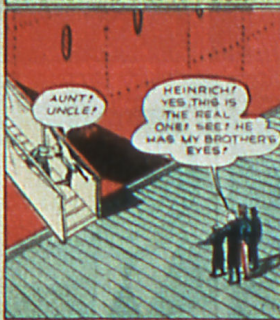
THE BUND LEADER READILY OBEYS.
SOON THE MESSAGE CRACKLES
OVER THE ATLANTIC...



AGAIN A GREAT REFUGEE LINER DOCKS.
ANXIOUS RELATIVES INCLUDING THE
BRUNS AWAIT THE ARRIVALS...



THE GANGPLANK IS LOWERED. A HAND-
SOME YOUTH DASHES TO THE OLD MAN.



...AND I MUST GIVE
ALL MY THANKS TO
UNCLE SAM... AND
PLEASE SIR, CAN
YOU TELL ME WHERE
I GO TO BECOME A
CITIZEN OF AMERICA?



Sally O'Neil

Policewoman

by Frank Kearns

SALLY O'NEIL, POLICEWOMAN, GOES WEST TO BAGDAD ON THE PACIFIC ... THAT'S HOLLYWOOD... A GLITTERING, RAUCOUS BEDLAM WHERE BEAUTIES ARE A DIME A DOZEN... AND LOVE THY NEIGHBOR IS A GOOD RULE TO FOLLOW ... IF YOUR NEIGHBOR IS A PRODUCER.

IN THE OFFICE OF J.J. PICKALL, MOVIE MOSUL, A TYPICAL VOLCANIC DISCUSSION IS GOING ON... SALLY'S MOVIE ACTOR FRIEND, BARRY GILMORE, IS IN THE CENTER OF IT.

I WEEL GO CRAZEE!

SIGN HERE!

J.J. MY CONTRACT.

WE NEED A NEW LEADING LADY!

SHUT UP!

WHEN THE ERUPTIONS ARE OVER

QUIET. GIVE ME A NICE QUIET CELL, BARRY! LEADING LADY! DOES THAT LUMMOX THINK I CAN PICK ANOTHER SCARLETT OFF A TREE?

TAKE IT EASY, J.J., MAYBE I CAN HELP YOU?

WHAT D'YOU KNOW ABOUT LEADING LADIES... EXCEPT PLAY IN 'ROMEO TO 'EM?

PLENTY. AND IF YOU WANT A NEW LEAD FOR CRIME DOESN'T SAY, I'VE A SUGGESTION. WIRE SALLY O'NEIL OF THE NEW YORK POLICE... THE POLICE A NATURAL FOR HER!

A POLICEWOMAN? IS SHE PRETTY? CAN SHE ACT? WHAT ARE YOU WAITING FOR? TELL HER TO HOP THE FIRST PLANE WEST!

TWO DAYS LATER SALLY LANDS AT HOLLYWOOD AIRPORT...



SALLY, DARLING! MORE BEAUTIFUL THAN EVER... WHAT A STAR YOU'LL MAKE!



O.K. BARRY, THAT'S ENOUGH HOLLYWOOD OIL!

UP THE BOLLE-VARD TO MAJESTIC PICTURES INC. THEY SPEED



THE PART'S YOURS, MISS O'NEIL... YOUR TEST WAS A HONEY!



THEN THE REDECORATING COMMITTEE SETS TO WORK.



OH FOR GOSH SAKE! I'M SUPPOSED TO BE PLAYING A POLICE GIRL! WITH A FACE LIKE THAT I OUGHT TO BE HUNG ON A CHRISTMAS TREE!



AH SO CHARMING SO PRETTY!

I DON'T THINK SO!



THE MAKE-UP MAN APPEALS TO...



M'SIEU PICKALL, ZE YOUNG LADY, MEES O'NEIL... SHE HAS ZE TEMPERAMENT! SHE REFUSES EVERYTHING!

SALLY APPEARS IN HER OWN CLOTHES, WITH HER OWN HAIRDO.



LISTEN, U.J.J. IF YOU THINK I'M GOING TO STRUT ABOUT LOOKING LIKE CADY LABARR IN A DRESS TIGHTER THAN A BANANA, PEEL AND FAKE EYEBROWS...

HAU! HAU! THAT'S RICH! THAT'S WONDERFUL! IF YOU CAN ACT LIKE THAT IN THE PICTURE, YOU'LL BE MADE!



LET HER GO ON ON THE WAY SHE IS. SHOOT THE MOB SCENE FIRST... READY, SALLY?



ON SET, A MILLING GROUP OF EXTRAS AWAIT. THE ROLL-EM-OVER COMMAND.



IN THE MIST OF ALL THE HUBBUB
A SHOT RINGS OUT...



THE PRONE FIGURE OF A YOUNG
MAN LIES SPRAWLED AT THE
FEET OF THE CROWD.



AT THE SHOOTING SCENE THE THEATRE MANAGER STANDS.



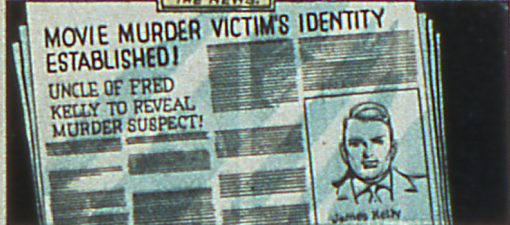
IMMEDIATELY A FIGURE HEADS FOR THE NEAREST EXIT.



THAT DAY SALLY RECEIVES A TELEGRAM FROM LOS ANGELES.



BY SALLY'S ORDER HOLLYWOOD'S NEWSPAPERS BLARE FORTH THE NEWS.



AT THE SAME TIME SALLY HOPS A PLANE FOR LOS ANGELES, TEXAS.



LATE AFTERNOON -- THE PLANE DROPPES OVER A TEXAN AIR-FIELD.



AND AT TRAIN TIME SALLY ARRIVES AT THE RAIL-ROAD.

SHE FOLLOWS A CORPULENT MAN INTO A PULLMAN.



IN THE CLUB CAR SALLY KEEPS A WATCHFUL EYE ON HER MAN.



WITH A BOOK AS A SHIELD, SALLY IS UNNOTICED AS A MAN APPROACHES MR. KELLY.



WHY? THAT MAN FITS THE DESCRIPTION OF THE MISSING MOVIE EXTRA! THIS IS WHERE I COME IN..



HELLO...ER... NICE TRIP ISN'T IT? HAVEN'T I SEEN YOU SOMEWHERE BEFORE?





SALLY'S SUSPECT BECOMES HOSPITABLE.



SHE STICKS LIKE GLUE TO MR. KELLY.



BUT BEFORE JIM KELLY CAN TAKE A SIP, A GUN IS POKED IN FRONT OF HIM.



YOU'RE TOO SMART, BOTH OF YOU... YOU WON'T LIVE TO TELL THIS TALE THOUGH!



HALF MAD WITH RAGE, SMITH FIRES BLINDLY. SALLY IS NOT TO BE CAUGHT UNAWARES HOWEVER.



DROP KICK!



IN DESPERATION THE SUSPECT CRASHES HEADLONG THROUGH THE WINDOW.



BUT SALLY JERKS THE EMERGENCY CORD.



AND THE TRAIN SCREECHES TO A STOP.





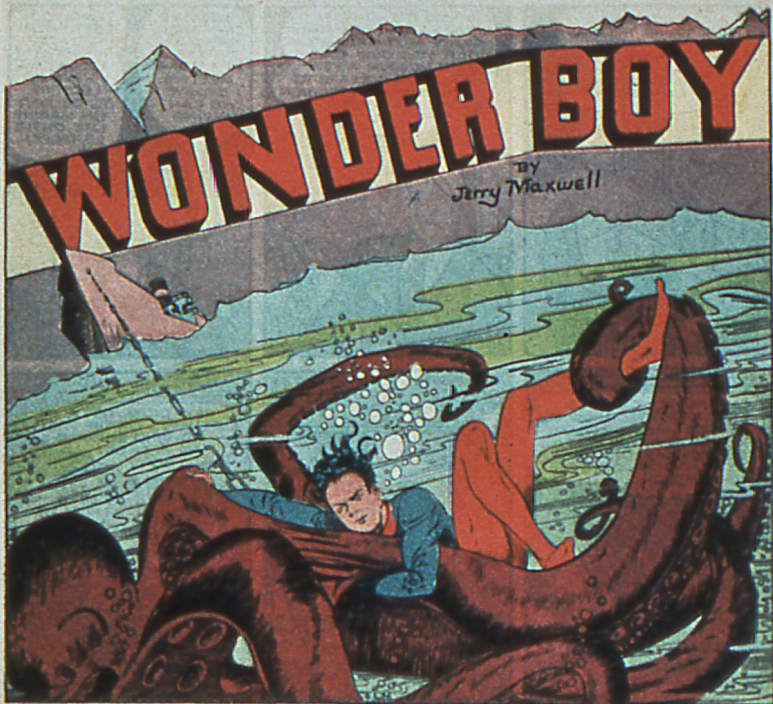
THE POLICE HAVE BEEN CALLED TO THE SPOT.



AND BACK IN HOLLYWOOD THE BRAVE POLICEWOMAN FINDS HER MOVIE HERO WAITING.



WINDY**BREEZE***by Ralph Johns*

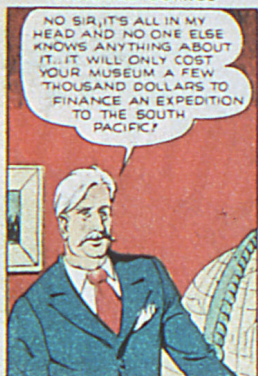
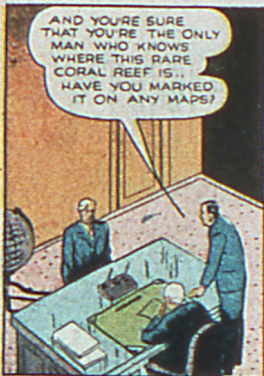


WONDER BOY'S BOUNDLESS CURIOSITY TAKES HIM TO THE MUSEUM OF NATURAL HISTORY TO LEARN OF MARINE LIFE.

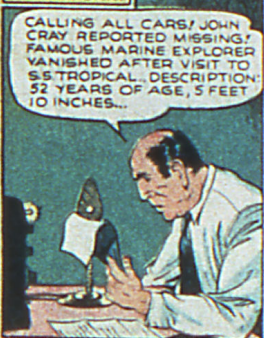


HE HOPES TO GO BY A DOOR THAT IS HALF OPEN AND OVERHEAR.





THE NEXT DAY...



MEANWHILE THE FREIGHTER S.S. TROPICAL IS UNDER WAY HER PROW TURNED TOWARD THE SOUTH PACIFIC.



ON DECK...



THE NEW CABIN BOY.



A BUCKET OF DIRTY WATER SPOSHES OVER WONDER BOY AND SOAKS HIM TO THE SKIN.



THE SQUASHED RAIL SPINS OVER THE RAIL AND DROPS BELOW THE HORIZON.



LATER...

CAPTAIN, IS SOMEONE SICK IN CABIN 3? I CAN'T GET IN TO CLEAN IT.



NIGHT FALLS AND WITH IT STORM CLOUDS GATHER, RISING ON A WIND FROM THE WEST...



A FIERCE SQUALL ROCKS THE SHIP ON ANGRY WAVES.



A HEAVY PACKING CASE IS TORN FROM ITS MOORINGS AND SPLASHES INTO THE WAVES. WONDER BOY DIVES AFTER IT.



DOWN TO THE VERY DEPTHS HE PLUMMETS AFTER THE CASE...

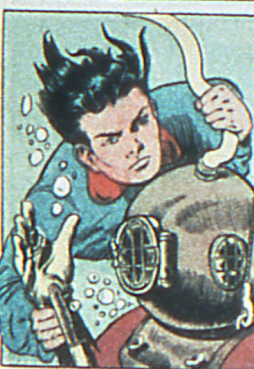


THE KID WENT OVER BOARD, CAPTAIN!



LATER THE STORM HAS CLEARED.





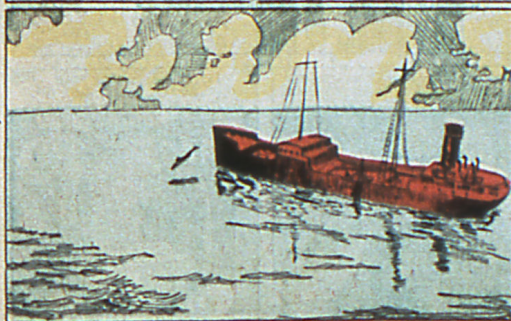
A HIDEOUS OCTOPUS REACHES OUT WITH UGLY TENTACLES...



A TERRIFIC STRUGGLE WITH THE GIANT SEA MONSTER ENDS IN VICTORY FOR WONDER BOY.



JOHN CRAY CONTINUES THE DIVING WORK. THE CORAL REEFS ARE STRIPPED OF THEIR VALUABLE SKELETONS.

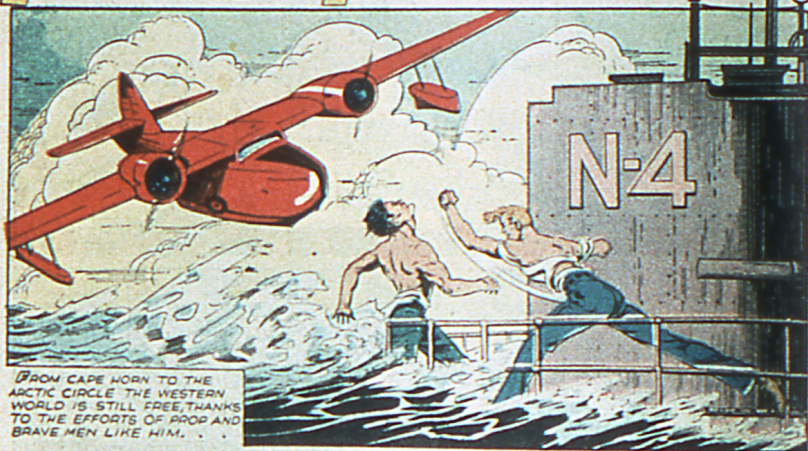


WONDER BOY SWIMS BACK TO ANOTHER STARTLING ADVENTURE IN THE NEXT EXCITING ISSUE OF

NATIONAL COMICS.

PROP POWERS

BY LYNN BYRD



FROM CAPE HORN TO THE ARCTIC CIRCLE THE WESTERN WORLD IS STILL FREE, THANKS TO THE EFFORTS OF PROP AND BRAVE MEN LIKE HIM.

PROP POWERS AND HIS HILL BILLY BUDDY LANK, FLY LOW OVER THE GULF OF MEXICO. SUDDENLY LANK YELPS.



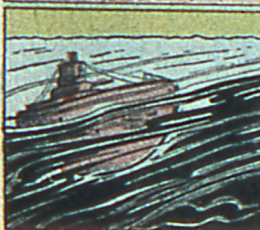
YOU'RE RIGHT LANK! SOMETHING IS THERE WE'LL TAKE A LOOK!



INSTANTLY PROP NOSES INTO A FAST DIVE.



CLOSE TO THE SURFACE GLIDES A HUGE SHADOW... THE LONG GRAY HULL OF A U-BOAT.



MOVING STEADILY IT REACHES A HIDDEN COVE, WHERE IT RISES ABOVE THE SURFACE.



THAT SUB'S INSIDE THE NEUTRALITY ZONE! GET YOUR BLUNDERBUSS, LANK... WE'RE GOIN' HUNTIN'!



CUTTING HIS MOTORS TO PREVENT DETECTION, PROP DEADSTICKS TO A LANDING.



SWELL! WE'RE ON THE OTHER SIDE OF THE ISLAND. WE'LL JUST HIKE OVER TO WHERE THE SUB IS!



LOOK, PROP! THERE'S THE SUB BY THOSE SHACKS! GOL DARN IT! THESE ORNERY ROCKS IS SKINNIN' MAH BRITCHES!

QUIT YOUR GRIPING! WE'RE DOIN' O.K.!



WHATCHA LOOKIN' IN THE WINDOW FERT USE THAT DOOR!

WAIT! SOMEONE'S TALKING! GOLLY! IT'S THE GOVERNOR OF THESE ISLANDS!



BUT WE'RE NOT TOO SURE! TAKE US TO SEE THE STOREHOUSE!

YES... AS YOU WISH... IT IS ON THE OTHER SIDE OF THE ISLAND!



COME ON! CLEAN 'EM UP NOW! MAH HANDS AM ITCHING FO' A GOOD FIGHT!

NO... WE'LL MEET THEM AT THAT NARROW GULCH... IT'S THE ONLY WAY THEY CAN GO!

A FEW MINUTES LATER THEY CLAMBER OVER THE ISLAND'S JAGGED HILLS.



SHOULDN'T BE MUCH FURTHER, LANK!



INSIDE! EVERYTHING'S NEARLY READY... THE NATIVES ARE WORKING ON YOUR AMMUNITION STOREHOUSE... YOUR BASE WILL BE COMPLETE SOON!

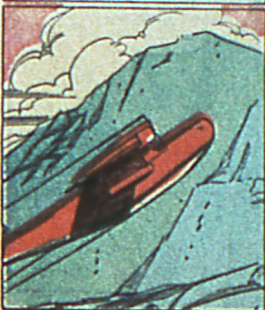
IT HAD BETTER BE.



COME ON, LANK... YOU OUGHT TO BE AT HOME USING AMBUSH TACTICS... WE'RE GOING TO HOLD THE PASS OF THERMOPYLAE JUST LIKE THE GREEKS!



BLINDLY THE VILLAINS DASH FOR THE FIRST THING THEY SEE... PROP'S PLANE... THEY TAKE OFF.....



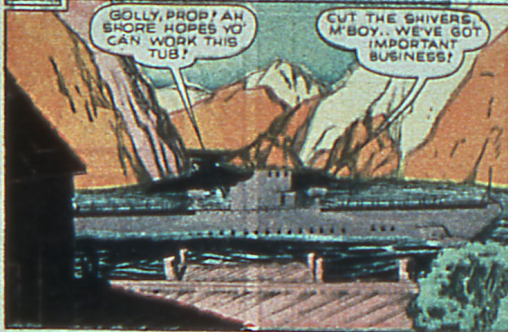
A FEW SECONDS LATER IT STREAKS OVER THE HORIZON.



FAIR EXCHANGE IS NO ROBBERY.. WE'LL USE THEIR SUBMARINE!



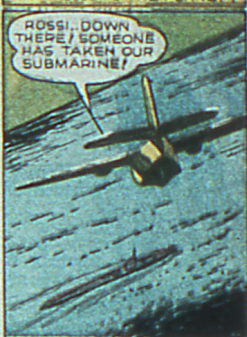
THE U-BOAT LIES UNMANNED. PROP AND LANK DASH TO HER DECK.



GOLLY, PROP! AN SHORE HOPES YO' CAN WORK THIS TUB!

CUT THE SHIVERS, M'BOY... WE'VE GOT IMPORTANT BUSINESS!

PROP FOLLOWS THE PLANE...



ROSS! DOWN THERE! SOMEONE HAS TAKEN OUR SUBMARINE!



IT MUST BE THE GOVERNOR'S MEN... WE'LL GIVE ON * THEM, TONY!



WE'LL SCARE THEM BACK TO THE BASE!



BUT LANK HAS OTHER IDEAS.

AT TABOY! COME ON DOWN, SO'S AH CAN FIND MAH RANGE!

LANK'S BULLET PIERCES THE GAS TANK.



SAPRIET! FORCED DOWN! NOW WHAT?



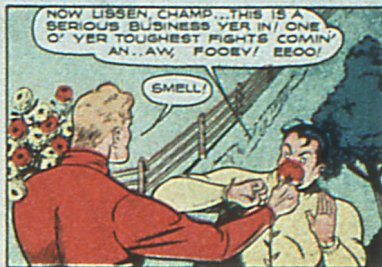
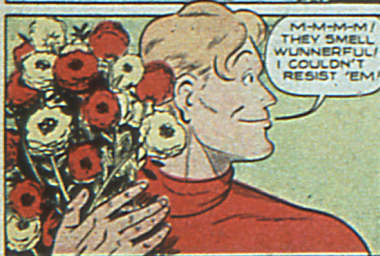
FAN MAH HIDE! DON'T THEY LOOK PURTY OUT YONDER, LIKE BULL FROG IN A POND? HA HA!



DON'T MISS PROP POWERS' THRILLING ADVENTURE IN THE NEXT ISSUE OF NATIONAL COMICS...

Kid DIXON

By
Bob
Reynolds





THE BELL CLINGS
THE CHAMPION SPRINGS
INTO ACTION.



THE KID MAKES AN EXPERIMENTAL
JAB AT THE CONTENDER.



GOLLY, HE WENT DOWN
EASY... TOO EASY...
WHAT'S THE GAS?



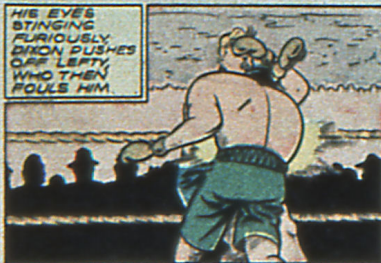
HE DOES NOT SEE
LEFTY VIGOROUS-
LY APPLY HIS LEFT
GLOVE TO THE
RESINED CANVAS.



THE CHALLENGER RISES AND PROMPTLY
FALLS INTO A CLINCH... AND GRINDS
RESIN INTO DIXON'S EYES!



HIS EYES
STINGING
FURIOUSLY,
DIXON PUSHES
OFF LEFTY,
WHO THEN
FOULS HIM.



THE BLINDED CHAMP CAN DO NOTHING
BUT CROUCH AND GIVE GROUND AS LEFTY
FOULS HIM AGAIN AND AGAIN.



WHAT'S A MATTER
WITH YA, REF?
HE'S DEALIN'
FOULS!!

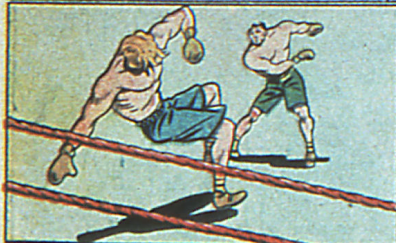
GO ON
KEEP
FIGHTING!



EFFECTIVELY SCREENED BY THE REF-
EREE, LEFTY BUTTS THE KID... HIS
MOUTHPIECE FLIES OUT WITH THE
IMPACT.



THE PAINED AND BATTERED CHAMPION
HITS THE CANVAS AND IS COUNTED OUT.



BACK IN THE DRESSING ROOM...

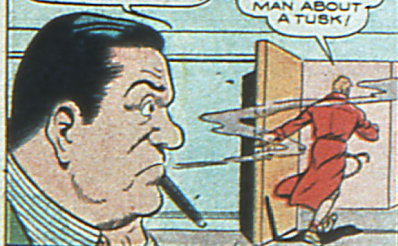
DOGGONE THAT REFEREE!
HE SCREENED THE
WHOLE BUSINESS!

AN' THAT
RATTY LEFTY
KNOCKED
OUT A TUSK!



WHERE YA GOIN'?

GOONNA SEE A
MAN ABOUT
A TUSK!



WELL, WELL! LEFTY
THE LOOT! LET'S SEE
HOW YA HANDLE YER
DUKES WITHOUT RESIN?



A TOOTH FOR
A TOOTH?



THE REFEREE
WALKS IN.

SAY, WHEN ARE YOU GUYS
PAYIN' ME FOR COVERIN'
UP THE FIGHT?



TRYIN' TO MAKE
MONEY THE
HARD WAY,
HUH? YOU
CROOK!



DIXON AND BOTTLE TOPPS PROCEED
BACK TO THEIR HOTEL...

HOW DOES IT FEEL
TO BE HANDUN'
AN EX-CHAMP?

AW, THE FIGHT
WILL BE DECLARED
PHONEY WHEN
THE PICTURES
COME OUT!



THE NEWSREELS REVEAL LEFTY'S FOUL TACTICS TO AN INDIGNANT AUDIENCE.



IT CAUSES MUCH DISCUSSION.

GOUGE SHOULD'VE BEEN DISQUALIFIED!

BUT THE FACT REMAINS THAT DIXON WAS KAYOED!

YEAH... WHO WON?

DIXON WAS KAYOED!



THE KID TRAINS HIMSELF IN A NEW STANCE, PENDING A RE-MATCH FOR THE CROWN.



DIDN'T YA GET ENOUGH LAST TIME, SUCKER?

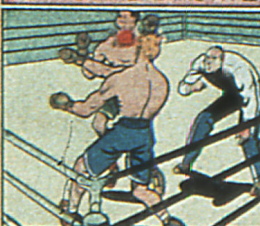


BUT DIXON'S NEW TECHNIQUE KEEPS HIS SHIFTY OPPONENT AT A DISTANCE!



I'M WASTIN' NO TIME TONIGHT!

THE KID'S BLOW CATCHED LEFTY ON THE ADAM'S APPLE!



TCH TCH! YOU OUGHT TO DO SOMETHIN' ABOUT THAT COUGH!



THAT'S ALL FOLKS!



THE WINNAN AND CHAMPION!



YIPPEE/WOTTA LIFE! BUT THERE ARE MIGHTY FEW FIGHTERS LIKE KID DIXON! PRAISE BE!

NEXT MONTH KID DIXON FIGHTS ANOTHER SUPER SLIPPER IN NATIONAL COMICS.

QUICKSILVER

THE LAUGHING ROBIN HOOD

by Nick Cardy

THE ONE-MAN RIOT? LAUGHING, ELUSIVE QUICKSILVER BOUNCES INTO ANOTHER SPEEDY ADVENTURE WITH THE FELONY SONS OF THE KENTUCKY HILLS.

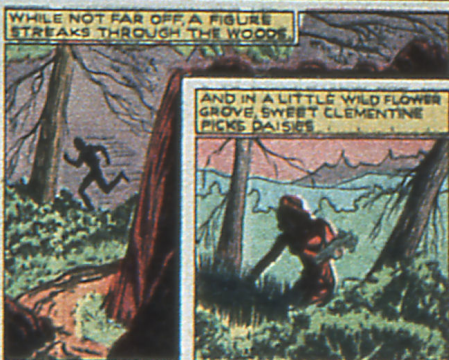


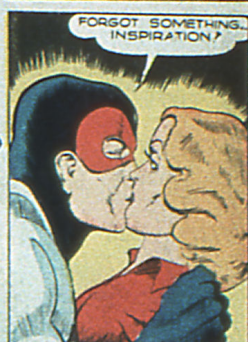
IT'S TWENTY YEARS AGO AND THE HILL FOLKS ARE SHOOTIN' IT OUT WITH THE VALLEY FOLKS JUST FOR THE 'CIMENT OF IT.



FRY MA
HIDE?







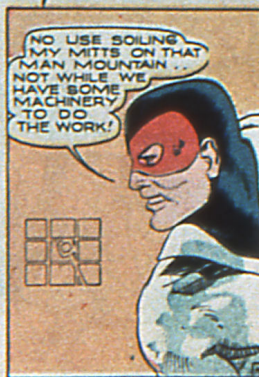
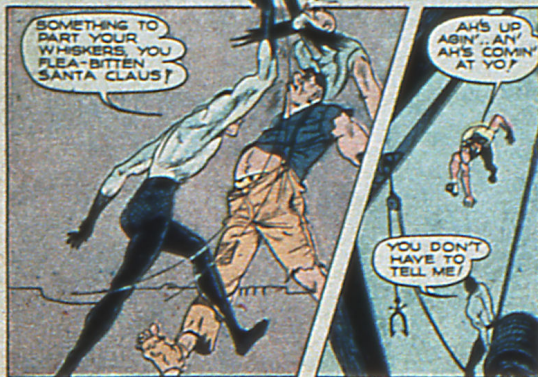
QUICKOVER WHIZZES



RIGHT THROUGH THE FIGHTERS



TILL HE MEETS WITH SONNY



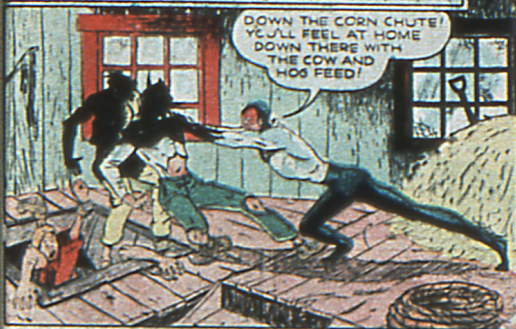
SONNY LUNGES, QUICKSILVER LEAPS, AND THE PULLEY FORTH HITCHES ON THE HILL-BILLY'S PANTS....



SONNY SWINGS RIGHT THROUGH THE BARN WALL.



QUICKSILVER SPRINGS FORWARD SO QUICKLY THAT THEIR BLEARY EYES DON'T CATCH HIS ACTION.



THE BOYS RATTLE DOWN INTO THE BIN.



THAT WIPES THEM UP!



NOW TO GET BACK TO... WHAT'S THAT?



LET US OUT!

HELP! GET OFF MY FACE!

BAW! MAMA BOO-HOO!



QUICKSILVER SKIMS ACROSS THE FIELDS



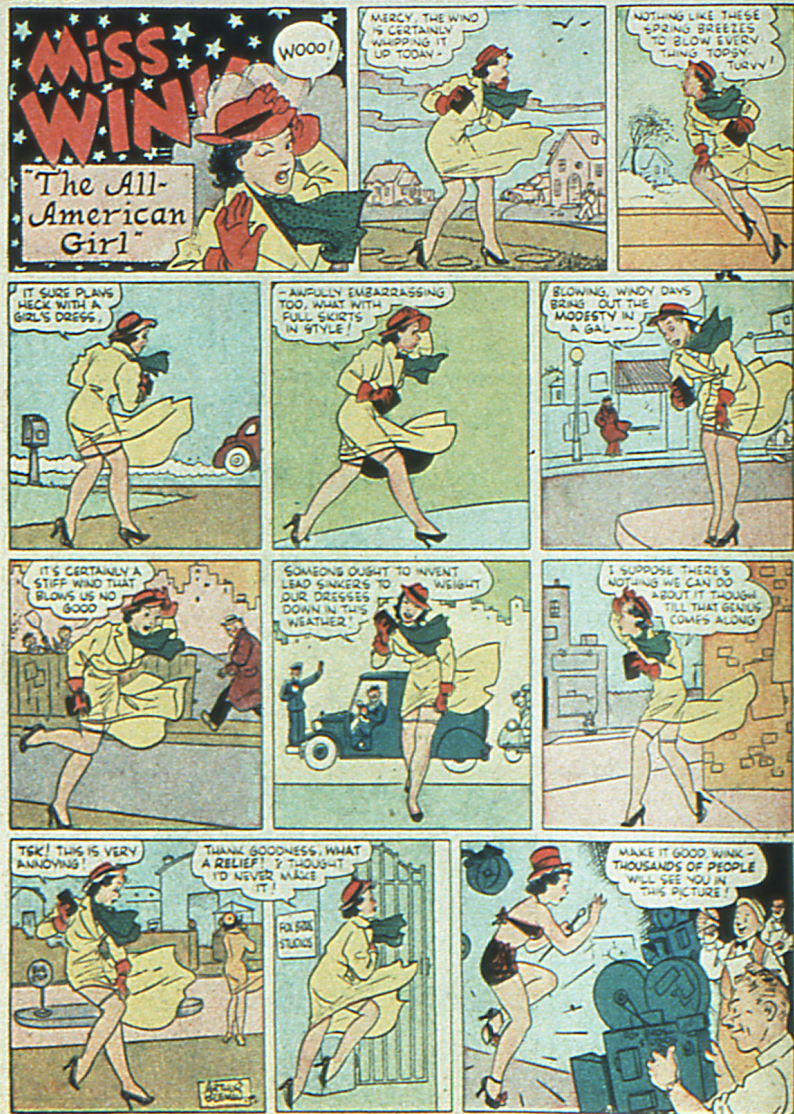
ONLY TO FIND CLEMENTINE ENTWINED IN THE ARMS OF ONE OF THE VALLEY BOYS



WELL, FRY MAH HIDE/GUESS! WASN'T FAST ENOUGH FOR THE LADY SHE GOT LONESOME WAITING!

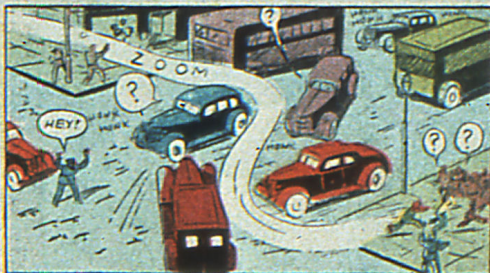
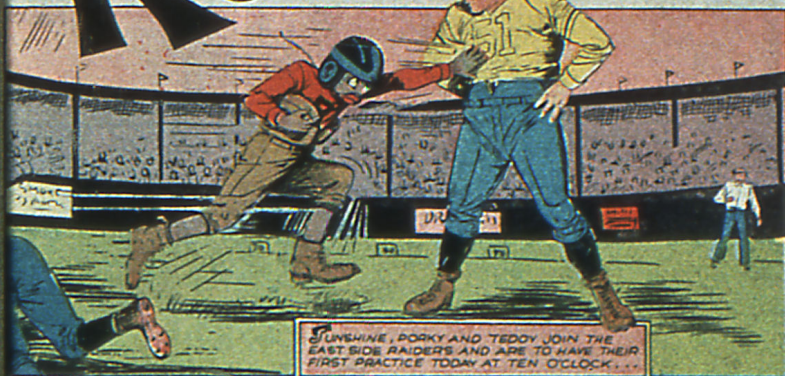


BUT QUICKSILVER WILL BE FAST IN HIS NEXT SPEEDY ADVENTURE IN NEXT MONTH'S
NATIONAL COMICS



Kid PATROL

By Dan Wilson





SUNSHINE PLANS A PLAY WITH PORKY AND TEDDY. IT IS SOON PUT INTO ACTION.



THE PLAY IS A SUCCESS.



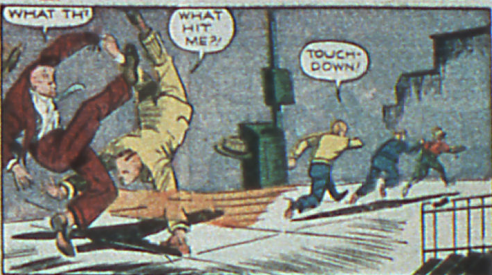
A CAR STOPS NEARBY.



AND NOT FAR AWAY ANOTHER MAN TAKES IN THE SCENE



THAT EVENING THE THREE BOYS
WERE ACCOSTED BY TWO TOUGHS.



AND
THE
NEXT
DAY
GRIFFEN
STAD-
IUM IS
JAMMED
WITH
FANS TO
SEE THE
EAST
SIDE
RAIDERS
VS.
THE
WEST
SIDE
WILD-
CATS!



IN THE SECOND QUARTER THE WILDCATS ARE ON THEIR WAY TO ANOTHER SCORE WHEN...



RECOVERING THE FUMBLE, THE RAIDERS GET THE BALL.



THE WILDCATS TRY DESPERATELY TO LENGTHEN THEIR LEAD, BUT THEY FIND IT HARDER THAN THEY THOUGHT...



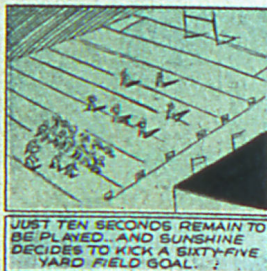
MINUTES PASS QUICKLY AND THE TWO TEAMS SOON FIND THEMSELVES IN THE LAST QUARTER.



SUNSHINE MAKES AN EFFORT TO GAIN SOME YARDAGE.



BUT HE ONLY LOSES TEN.



GREAT GUNS! THE RECORD OF THE BIG COLLEGES IS 46, AND HERE ONLY A KID IS GOING TO TRY IT! WOW!





JACK AND JILL

By
LOWELL RIGGS



THE OPERA SEASON HAS OPENED
AMID MUCH FLOURISH AND FLAUNT-
ING OF GOWNS AND JEWELS...



JACK AND JILL ARE THERE, TOO.

OH, JACK, LOOK
AT THAT DIVINE
ROPE OF PEARLS!

HUH?



JILL GASPS IN AWE.



BUT WHEN SHE LOOKS AGAIN
SHE GASPS IN HORROR.



THE PEARLS ARE GONE!
JACK! THEY'RE GONE!



QUIET!
HOW CAN I
CONCENTRATE ON
IGOLDE?

INTERMISSION...

JILL, I CAME
HERE TO
RELAX...
WILL YOU
PLEASE
SIT
DOWN?

NO! I'M GOING
TO TALK TO
HER IN THE
POWDER
ROOM!



BUT AREN'T
YOU UPSET
ABOUT
IT?

OH NO, MY DEAR...
THOSE WERE ONLY
IMITATIONS! THE
REAL ONES
ARE SAFE
IN THE
VAULT!



FALSE
ALARM! THEY
WEREN'T REAL!

NO! WE'LL TAKE
A LOOK AT
HER
ESCORT!

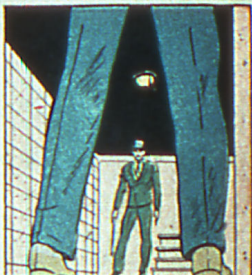




JACK FUMBLES ABOUT IN THE VAULT, AS THOUGH HE TOO WERE OPENING A STRONG BOX.



BUT HE NOTICES HIS SUSPECT'S EVERY MOVE.



JUST A MINUTE, BROTHER I HAPPENED TO NOTICE THAT TRANSACTION! YOU SUBSTITUTED THE FAKE PEARLS FOR THE REAL ONES!



IT'S TOO BAD FOR YOU THAT YOUR EYES ARE SO SHARP!



WHY? I DON'T FEEL SORRY FOR MYSELF!



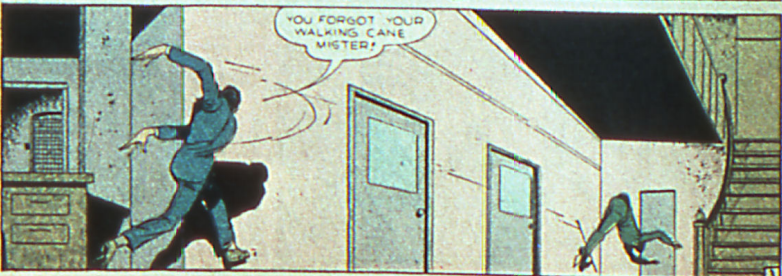
BUT THE CROOK PROVES TOO SLIPPERY. HE FASTENS HIMSELF TO JACK'S LEG.



AND THEY'RE DOWN. JACK IS STUNNED FOR A MOMENT AS HIS HEAD CRACKS AGAINST THE WALL.



BUT HE SHAKES IT OFF.



THE CLERK, WHO HAS SLIPPED AWAY QUIETLY, MEETS TROUBLE...





THE BONES OF SQUATTER JIM

A Story of America

By Anthony Lamb



The mail plane flying its western route roared over the vast field where Jeff Brown sat on the seat of his rolling tractor and wrinkled up his eyes at the sky.

"That's the purtiest bird in th' heavens. Sleek and silver. An' it hums so low and easy. An' the man up thar can look down an' see me settin' here and cuttin' down the rows. Bet it looks like a big patch of corduroy like my Sunday pants—this whole big field of plowed up earth—Turns into golden silk come harvest time."

Jeff chuckled to himself at his own poetic thoughts. The plane grew smaller and smaller till it was a tiny speck dropping over the horizon.

Rich waves of fertile earth sprayed back of Jeff's plow as his tractor rolled on down the line and the sun was moving up to the middle of the round dome of blue that was cupped down over his fields. It was noon and Jeff was hungry. He climbed down from his perch and unpacked his lunch, stretching out on the warm ground in the shadow of the tractor.

Suddenly his eye caught something in the upturned dirt.

"Jumpin' Jehosaphat! What's that? B-bones? Jeff Brown I know you ain't been drinkin'—but whose bones do you suppose would be reposing in this wheat field?"

Cautiously, he rose to his haunches and edged over to the furrowed row where the aged bones that had once supported the chest of a man lay uncovered. He was sure they were human bones and not the skeleton of some stray wild animal. A few feet away the skull peered out of the earth through its dark sockets. Jeff didn't see this until he stepped back away from the rib cage and his heel sent the round, macabre object rolling out of its hiding. Jeff gave a startled yelp as he stared down at a row of yellowed teeth.

"The old boy's grinnin' at me, or I'll be darned," he gasped as he began to regain his nerve which for a moment had left him shivering with fear. But he had too much sense to let this sudden discovery upset him for long. He grew interested. "What in the

wide world is he restin' here in my wheat field for?" He asked himself and the bones over and over again.

He didn't expect an answer but he got one.

"Sorry if I gave you a scare, friend, but those are my bones. I'm Squatter Jim."

Jeff wheeled about and saw nothing at first. But slowly a form began to grow out of the spot where the bones lay. A misty figure grew until it took the shape of a man. The man wore a leather jerkin and a coonskin cap and in his hand was a long rifle. Jeff whistled.

"I reckon you've been dead a long time, jedgin' by those clothes."

Squatter Jim grinned broadly. "Reckon' I have. Fields here used to belong to me by squatter's rights. Died defendin' 'em too. Fell on my own soil and wasn't even given a Christian burial. Guess my folks had to clear out quick when that land greedy Bolton come bearin' down on 'em. Too long ago to hold a grudge tho. Been lots of fightin' on this land since. Up to the time

your grandpappy bought the land legal and started makin' it pay. Nice fields you got here. Wonderful thing this iron buggy you got to do the work fer you."

Jeff took out his blue checked kerchief and mopped his brow. "Mind if I sit down here and ketch my breath. This is sort of sudden to have happen to a fellow. Meetin' a ghost at noon."

"Sure, I understand. Rather meet me at noon than midnight wouldn't you? Wal, I jest thought, long as you dug up my bones with that contraption over there I might as well make myself known to you. There's a lot of things I'd like to know too."

It wasn't long before dead Squatter Jim and young Jeff Brown were talking together like old pals. Mostly the talk was about the land and the new methods of farming. But in a little while the roaring hum sounded above as the great cross country transport winged on its new run. Jim pointed up.

"That's another thing's been puzzlin' me. They ain't birds flyin' up there makin' all that noise are they?"

Jeff explained the marvel of the airplane and now it was Jim's turn to whistle.

"Life must be pretty perfect now with all this new fangled stuff. Guess it was worth us fightin' and dyin' for — To make a wonderful country like you've got here."

Jeff frowned and grew serious. "Yep, we got all the inventions but that same bird you see up there carryin' peaceful citizens can also drop death out of the clouds. That's what they're doin' over in Europe." "No, things ain't perfect by a long shot. As much good a machine does—jest that much harm it can do too. We got a long way to go, I guess." Jeff's voice was tired and discouraged. This was a subject he didn't like to think about. "Things is so bad over there it may mean that some day we'll lose all this that you died and fought for."

Jeff wasn't at all prepared for what happened next. A swift blow shot up from the ground and landed on his square chin. His teeth came together with a resounding click and the brown earth and blue sky whirled dizzily around him. Slowly, as the spinning quieted down to a gentle rocking Jeff opened his eyes to see Squatter Joe standing above him—his

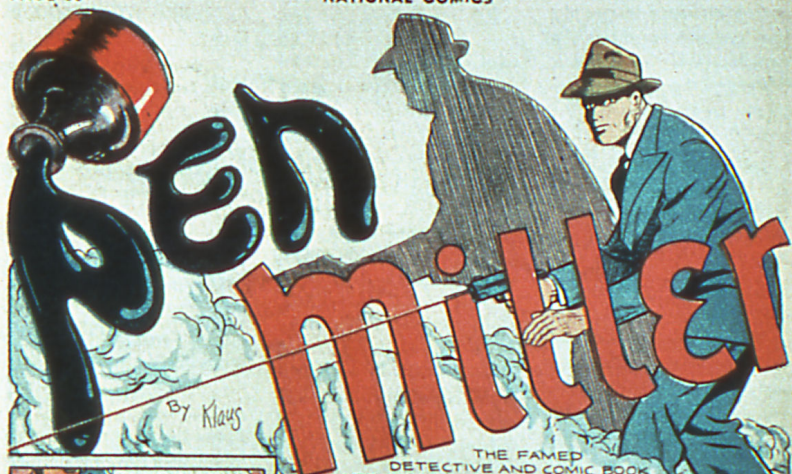
fists ready to deal another hay-maker.

Without thinking, Jeff leapt to his feet and swung into the ghost. Jim was a very solid ghost and the living man had all he could do to stay on his feet and they exchanged hearty blows. Jeff was just ready to send one up from his very toes when Squatter Jim broke away and started to laugh.

Jeff stood awkwardly poised for a knock out and he was the very picture of puzzled surprise. "What in blue blazes—?"

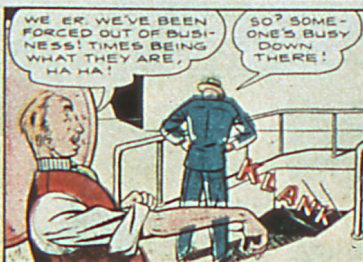
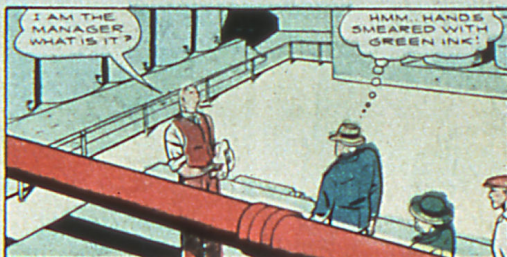
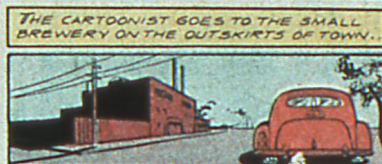
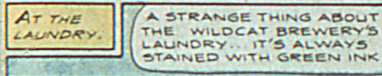
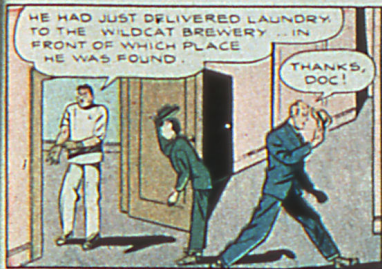
"You're allright, Jeff. For a moment you had me worried. I thought from the way you talked that you had no fight left in you. Thought maybe all this easy machine stuff had made you too soft to stick up for justice. But you got the fire of fight in your heart when you know you've been done wrong. That's all I wanted to know, Jeff. America is safe as long as her men know that justice and freedom are somethin' you gotta fight for—like us of the old days."

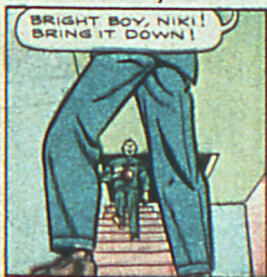


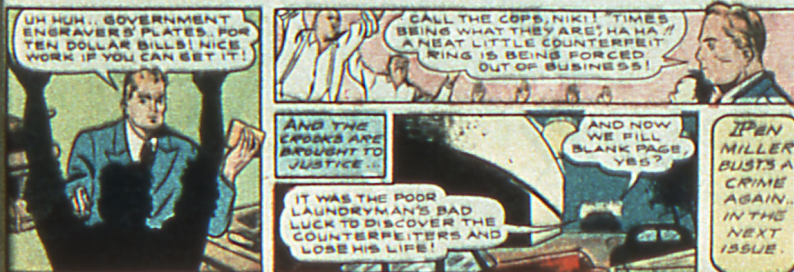
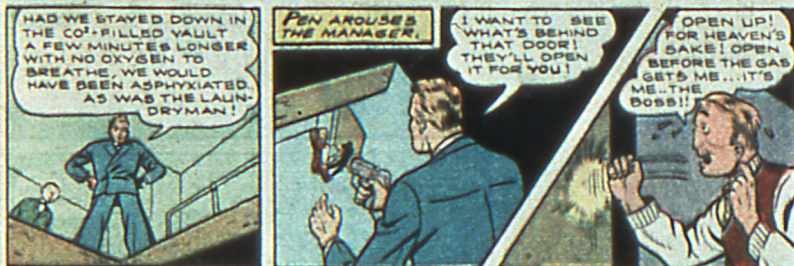


THE FAMED DETECTIVE AND COMIC BOOK ARTIST DRAWS FROM HIS WEALTH OF EXPERIENCE IN CRIME DETECTION FOR HIS ILLUSTRATED STORIES... THE UNDERWORLD FEARS AND RESPECTS HIS ABILITIES.



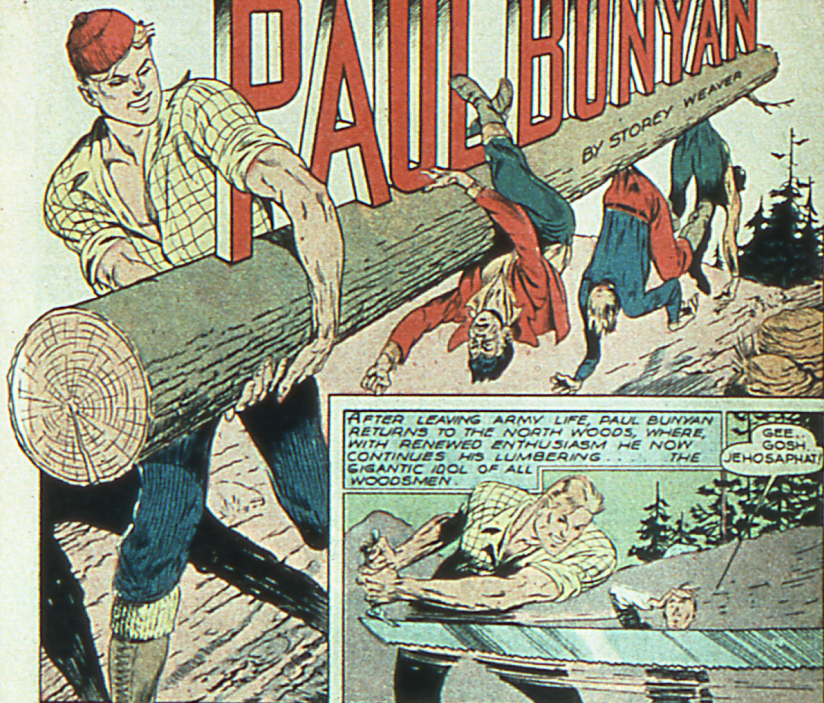






PAUL BUNYAN

BY STOREY WEAVER

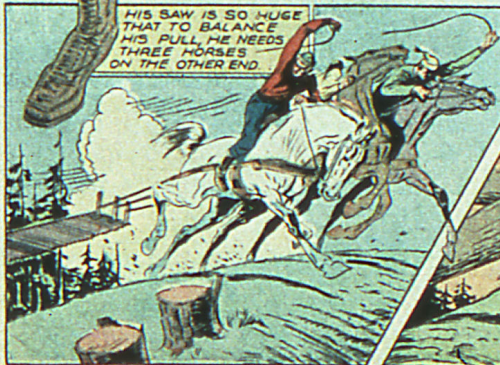


AFTER LEAVING ARMY LIFE, PAUL BUNYAN RETURNS TO THE NORTH WOODS, WHERE, WITH RENEWED ENTHUSIASM HE NOW CONTINUES HIS LUMBERING... THE GIGANTIC IDOL OF ALL WOODSMEN

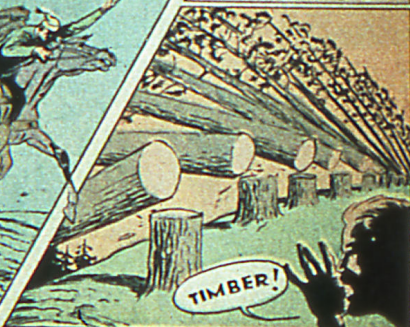
GEE, GOSH, JEHOSEPHAT!



HIS SAW IS SO HUGE THAT TO BALANCE HIS PULL, HE NEEDS THREE HORSES ON THE OTHER END



AND TWENTY FOREST GIANTS FALL AT ONCE!



DOWN THE GIANT CHUTE
SLIDE THE LOGS TO
THE RAPIDS BELOW.



WHERE THE CURRENT HERDS
THEM INTO LOG BOOMS...
UNKNOWN TO PAUL, TWO MEN
WATCH THE STEADY OUTPOUR
OF LOGS.



THAT DUMB BUNYAN'S
RUININ' OUR COMPANY!
HE'S FLOODIN' THE MAR-
KET WITH TIMBER... HE GOES
THROUGH AN ACRE OF
PINE LIKE A FOREST FIRE!

YEAH! WE
GOTTA STOP
THIS... H-M-M.
I GOTTA IDEA!



WE'LL BLAST
BALD ROCK... IT'LL
MAKE A LOG JAM!



THAT NIGHT THE
CONSPIRATORS CARRY
OUT THEIR TREACHERY.



WITH DEVASTATING RESULTS...



MORNING FINDS THE LOGS
PILED UP LIKE SO MANY
MATCHES.



HAVIN' TROUBLE,
BOYS?

AND HOW!
WE CAN'T DO
NOTHIN'. IT'S
IMPOSSIBLE!



I WOULDN'T SAY THAT.
NOTHING ON EARTH'S
IMPOSSIBLE... NOT ONCE
YOU'VE SET YOUR MIND
TO IT. YOU WATCH NOW!





THE HUGE ROCK SAILS RIGHT INTO THE RIVAL CAMP'S MESS HOUSE...



YEOW! EARTH-QUAKE!



THE LEADER RECOGNIZES BALD ROCK...



BUT THE THUNDERING TREAD OF GIANT FOOT-STEPS COMES CLOSER TO CAMP...



GOLLY! THAT'S PAUL COMIN' HERE NOW... I GOTTA BEAT IT!! YOU GUYS ACT LIKE NOTHIN' HAPPENED. GET ME?



SURE BOSS... WE GET YA! WE'LL JUST MAKE OUT EVERYTHING IS HUNKY-DORY!

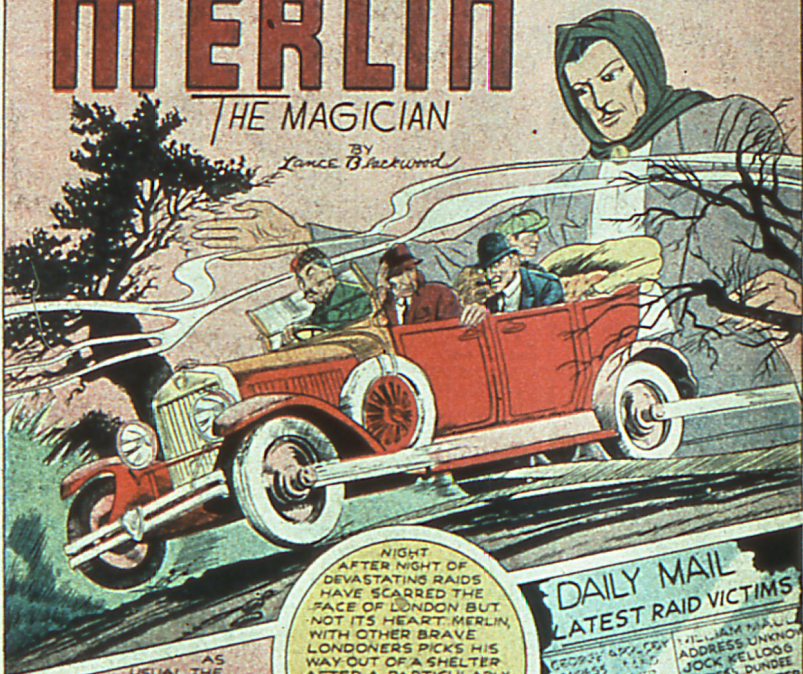




MERLIN

THE MAGICIAN

BY
Lance Blackwood



AS
USUAL THE
NEWSPAPER STAND IS
THE FIRST PLACE HE GOES TO



TOUGH
NIGHT EH,
MAGGIE?

SURE, BUT
IT DIDN'T
BOTTER ME
NONE, NOT
WHEN I
CAN HEAR
THE R.A.F.
TOO!

NIGHT
AFTER NIGHT OF
DEVASTATING RAIDS
HAVE SCARED THE
FACE OF LONDON, BUT
NOT ITS HEART. MERLIN,
WITH OTHER BRAVE
LONDONERS PICKS HIS
WAY OUT OF A SHELTER
AFTER A PARTICULARLY
BAD RAID, TO SEE
WHAT NEW DAMAGE
HAS BEFALLEN
HIS CITY.



MERLIN OPENS TO THE MAIN
SECTION. DEATH LISTS

DAILY MAIL LATEST RAID VICTIMS

GEORGE SMITH
ADDRESS 110
RUFF LANE
FALL LANE
MANY HIGGS
ADDRESS 100

WILLIAM MAUL
ADDRESS UNKNOWN
JOCK KELLOGG
ADDRESS DUNDEE
BOMB SPLINTER

HUH? WHAT'S THIS?
JOCK KELLOGG
AMONG THE DEAD!
THAT'S ME, OR WAS
UNTIL I BECAME
MERLIN!

"...MAYBE IT'S A MISPRINT.
MAYBE THEY MEAN
MY COUSIN JEPSON
KELLOOG... HE'S
FROM DUNDEE...
H-M-M..."



AT THE SAME TIME, A DECENT
CAR SPUTTERS DOWN THE
PRIVATE KELLOOG ROAD.



"SURE, I HAD
IT ANNOUNCED
MY COUSIN
JOCK'S DEAD.
HE'S BEEN
MISSIN' LONG
ENOUGH TO
BE!"



"DINNA ADVISE YE
TO GO TO KELLOOG
MANSE... WIT' ME OWN
EYES I'VE SEEN A
GHOST... THE PLACE
IS HAUNTED!"

"NOT!
IT IS
NOT!"

THIS IS GETTING VERY
INTRIGUING... I'LL
JUST GO TO
SCOTLAND
AND SEE...



WITH LIGHTNING SPEED, MERLIN,
BORN JOCK KELLOOG, SOARS
OVER THE HEATHER MOORS
OF SCOTLAND.

"...AFTER ALL,
I'M HEIR TO
KELLOOG MANSE.
IF I DIE, JEPSON
GETS IT. BUT
ISN'T HE SUPPOSED
TO BE IN THE
SOUTH SEAS?
YES... THERE'S
THE OLD PLACE!"

SO, I'M
THE LAST
OF THE KELLOOGS,
WITH HIM OUT
OF THE WAY!



"THEN YOU'RE
THE LAIRD O'
THE MANSE
NOW, EH, JEP?"

SUDDENLY
A WIZENED
SCOTCHMAN
BARS THE WAY.



"HALT, MON!"



"I KEN YE DINNA
BELIEVE ME, WAL
REMEMBER THAT
I WARNED YE!"

THE CAR SPEEDS AHEAD
LEAVING BEHIND A FLASH
OF LIGHT. AS THE
OLD SCOT
TURNS
INTO MERLIN.



WITHOUT HEEDING THE WARNING JEPSON DRIVES ON...



SORRY, BUT WE'LL HAVE TO ASK YOU TO REMAIN!



FROM OUTSIDE, MERLIN WATCHES

THE COMPANY JEP IS TRAVELING IN IS NOT EXACTLY ARISTOCRATIC



BUT YOU KNOW I'M WITH YE I WON'T TELL THE POLICE! WELL, ALL RIGHT I'LL SHOW YOU THE HOUSE!



JOCK NEVER DID REALIZE THE VALUE HUN?



WELL, MON, I'VE DONE WHAT YOU ASKED BROUGHT YOU TO MY FAMILY ESTATE SO YOU COULD HIDE OUT FROM THE LAW. NOW, IF YOU DON'T MIND, I'LL BE LEAVING!



AS LONG AS YOU'RE HIDING OUT HERE, YE MIGHT AS WELL MAKE FRIENDS WIT' ME ANCESTORS. THAT'S THE FIRST KELLOGG. HE WUZ ME SEVENTH GREAT-GRAND-UNCLE, AND HIS BROTHER WUZ ETC ETC



THAT'S NOT JEP'S FATHER, AND ON SECOND THOUGHT THAT'S NOT EVEN JEP!



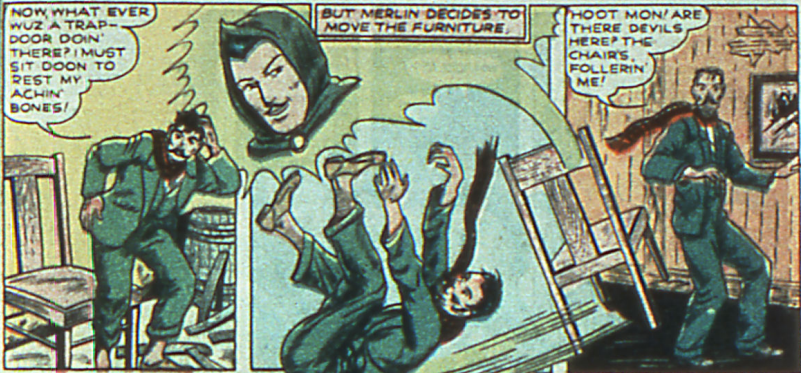
SOMEHOW THE FLOOR GIVES WAY JEP CRASHES THROUGH TO THE BASEMENT



NOW WHAT EVER
WUZ A TRAP-
DOOR DOIN'
THERE? MUST
SIT DOON TO
REST MY
ACHIN'
BONES!

BUT MERLIN DECIDES TO
MOVE THE FURNITURE.

HOOT MON! ARE
THERE DEVILS
HERE? THE
CHAIRS, FOLLERIN'
ME!



WHILE JEPSON IS
HAVING HIS TROUBLES,
HIS COLLEAGUES
PLOT IN ANOTHER
PART OF THE
HOUSE.

NEVER MIND
IM! LEAVE
IM 'ERE WITH
IS ANCESTORS!

A FEW MINUTES LATER THE RATTLE-
TRAP CAR JERKS OUT OF KELLOSS
ROAD.

AND TWO HOURS
LATER.

HERE YARE...
LADY DAPHNE
MACLANE, IN
PERSON, SEALED
AND DELIVERED!

GOOD.
WE'LL GET
TEN
THOUSAND
POUNDS FOR
HER.

YE READY LADS?
WE PULL THE
BIG JOB NOW
GET LADY
DAPHNE
HERE!

BUT
JEPSON!



MEANWHILE MERLIN ENTERS
THE KIDNAPPERS' COUNCIL
CHAMBER.

THEY'RE GONE!
I'LL HAVE TO
LOOK FOR
'EM!

ERE, ARRY YOU MAKE
THE LADY COMFORTABLE
SHE HAIN'T LEAVIN'
FOR AWHILE!

THAT'S
LADY DAPHNE.
JEPSON AND I USED
TO KNOW HER
WHEN WE
WERE KIDS!





A LOUD CRASH FILLS THE AIR...

WHAZZAT?
WHO?



THEY FOLLOW THE SOUND... DOWN TO THE CELLAR...

HAW! OLD JEP TRIPPIN' OVER HISSELF AGAIN!



WHAT ARE YE LAUGHIN' AT? I DINNA SEE A JOKE!



LADY DAPHNE ALSO RECOGNIZES JEPSON...



THAT NIGHT A SHADOWY FIGURE WANDERS THROUGH KELLOGG MANSE.

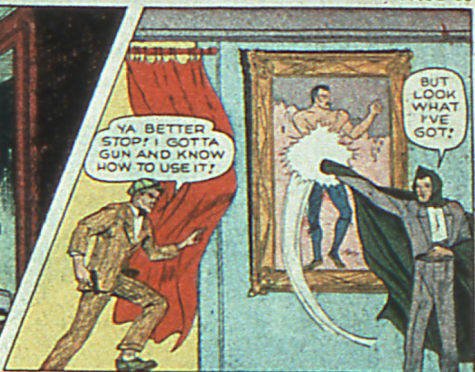




THE
FIGHTING
NOT ON THE
WALL SPRINGS
TO LIFE.



WICK-
STRICKEN,
OLD ANGUS
DASHES BLINDLY
ROUND A CORNER



OLD RONNIE KELLOGG, THE FAMILY
PRIDE OF 1890 TAKES HIS
CHARACTERISTIC STANCE



BUT THE OLD TECHNIQUE
OUTFIGHTS THE NEW
OLD RONNIE'S POWER-
PACKED BLOWS MAKE
RAW PULP OF THE
THUG'S CHIN.





ANGUS, GET HER OUT OF HERE! I'LL TEND TO THOSE GACKETEERS!



WHOSE SLASHING SWORDS SOON PUT THE FRIGHTENED THUGS TO FLIGHT.

THE THREE THUGS FREEZE TO A HALT ON THE STAIR LANDING.



THEIR BULLETS HAVE NO EFFECT UPON THE MISTY SWORDSMEN...



THEY'LL GIVE US NO MORE TROUBLE... I'LL WIRE JEP TO COME HOME!

HE'LL BE SO GRATEFUL! YOU SAVED HIS INHERITANCE!



AT TAHITI IN THE SOUTH SEAS, JEPSON KELLOGG RECEIVES A CABLEGRAM.



A FEW WEEKS LATER...



AND AS FOR ANGUS... YOU STICK TO YOUR GARDENING, OR...



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You can now get a "LIT TLE-MAN" printing press built with parts stamped out like auto bodies—lighter, stronger and cheaper than castings—the idea that makes possible this all-time low price. WORKS like the famous GORDON PRESS with STANDARD TYPE. You learn to set type, lock up forms, read proofs, make ready, feed the press—love the smell of printer's ink and know the magic of taking a blank piece of paper and printing words, ideas, powerful enough to move a people, after the manner of Ben Franklin.

PRINTING IS FUN AND PAYS!

